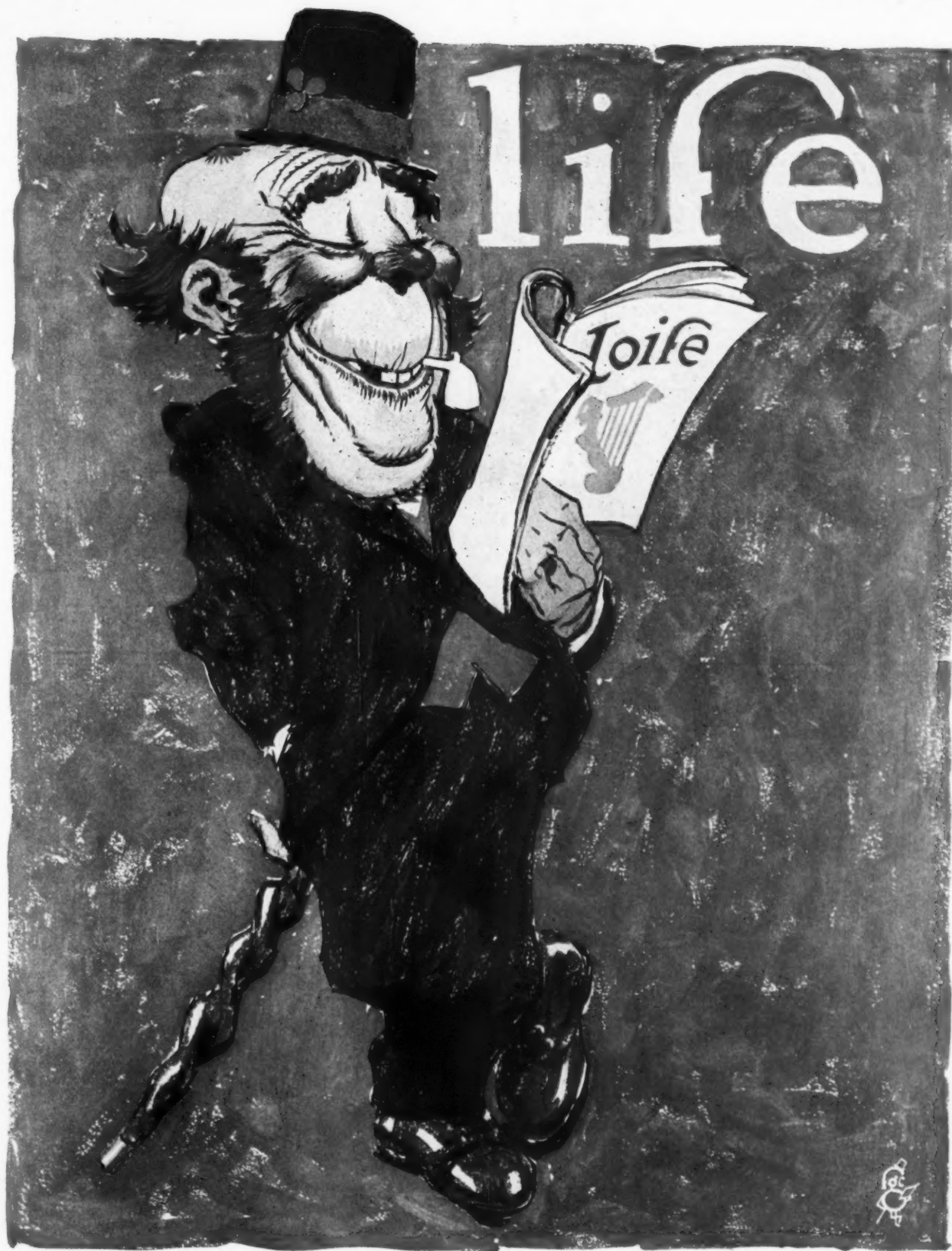


11, 1915

ST. PATRICK'S DAY
NUMBER

PRICE 10 CENTS
Vol. 65, No. 1690. March 18, 1915
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"BEGORRY! IF THOT IDITOR AIN'T OIRISH, HE IS BUT HE DON'T KNOW IT!"

WHETHER it is March wind or April sunshine that inspires that "Spring-is-here" feeling and a consequent desire for new hosiery, don't make the mistake of buying just *any* silk hosiery. Insist on McCallum's.

It will insure you a beauty and quality in your hosiery that will mean lasting satisfaction.

Spring Styles for Men—No. 326, No. 1201 and No. 308—all-silk hose in black and colors that are worthy the maker. Also No. 329—the smartest of the two-tone half hose.

Sold at the Best Shops Everywhere

For attractive booklet on Men's and Women's Silk Hosiery, address

McCallum Hosiery Co., Northampton, Mass.

Original Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery in America

McCallum
Silk Hosiery



PLYMOUTH

Dry Gin

Coates' Plymouth is the original Dry Gin. The secret of its making has been carefully guarded since 1793. No other Gin is made exactly like it. No other Gin has the same flavour. Triple distilled, it has no equal.

ALEX D **SHAW** & CO NY



A BOUND
VOLUME
OF

Life

INTERESTS EVERYONE

SEND US YOUR LOOSE
COPIES AND HAVE THEM
BOUND FOR PERMANENT
USE. CHILDREN PORE

OVER THEM CONSTANTLY. GROWN
FOLKS REVEL IN THEM.

PRICE, FOUR DOLLARS A VOLUME. ONLY
TWO DOLLARS WHEN YOU RETURN
YOUR LOOSE COPIES. WE WILL TELL
YOU ALL ABOUT IT IF YOU WILL WRITE

LIFE, 17 W. 31ST STREET, NEW YORK



DREAMS



BUSY AGAIN

A Difficult Question

IN order to find out whether a nation should have an army and navy there are two classes of people that could be consulted—those on the inside and those not on the inside. It is clear, however, that a sensible person would



Life

—when one has “Old Books to read, Old Friends to love” and Old Saratoga to drink—does not leave much to be desired.

When you want a real drink ask for

Old Saratoga
EXTRA FINE
WHISKEY

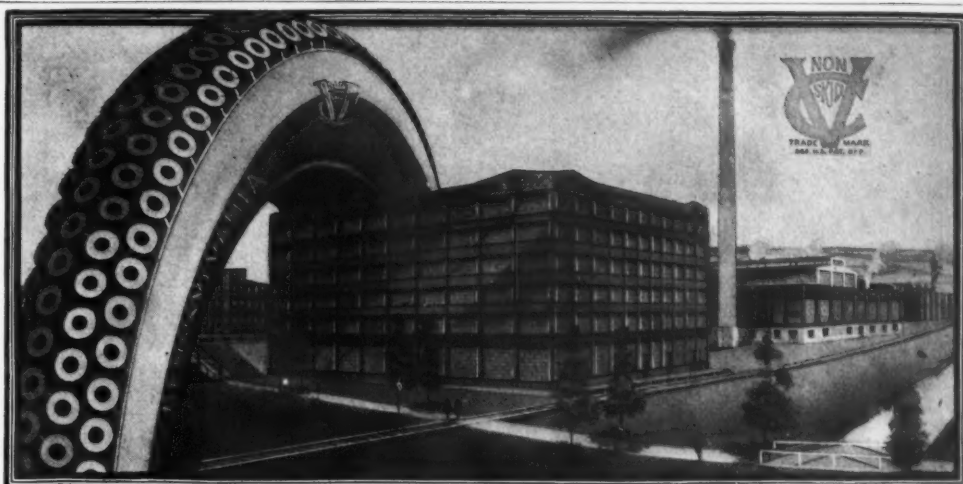
and then make sure you get it.

If your dealer hasn't Old Saratoga in stock, send us six dollars and we will see that you get at once four full quarts, all charges paid.

Roskam, Gerstley & Co., Philadelphia



MAGIC
We will send you two card tricks, very perplexing to onlookers, yet anyone can do them. Also two booklets showing over 100 different Magic Tricks. All for 10c.
THE MAGIC SHOP, 44 North 13th Street, Phila., Pa.



All the costs we save in this great new factory go direct into the pockets of buyers of

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

The completion and full operation of this three-quarter-million dollar plant means a hitherto unknown basis of tire manufacturing efficiency and economy. Added to this is the absolute fact that our past years' experimentation and efforts have resulted in practically 50% more wear resistance in our product.

Considering that Vacuum Cup Tires of last season recorded an average mileage of 6,760 miles in The Automobile Club of America official test—a performance no other manufacturer has attempted to duplicate—our product for 1915 offers a basis of service economy that cannot be resisted.

When you now buy Vacuum Cup Tires at prices you have recently been paying for tires of ordinary quality, you reduce your mileage cost to a point far and away below all previous expectations.



Pennsylvania Rubber Co.

Jeannette, Pa.

Atlanta Boston Chicago Cleveland Dallas Detroit
Kansas City, Mo. Minneapolis New York Omaha Philadelphia
Pittsburgh St. Paul San Francisco Seattle

An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy

not consult those on the inside, because, as they get their living in that way, they would never do or say anything to cause armies and navies to be dispensed with and thus take the bread out of their own mouths. It is equally clear, moreover, that no sensible person would consult those on the outside, for if they should suggest that armies and navies be dispensed with, nobody would pay the slightest attention to them, because they could not be credited with the requisite knowledge to pass upon the question.

And so it is that a nation which has no army and navy may very well continue without them, while a nation which already has them can never get rid of them.

The Little Mother Who Sits at Home



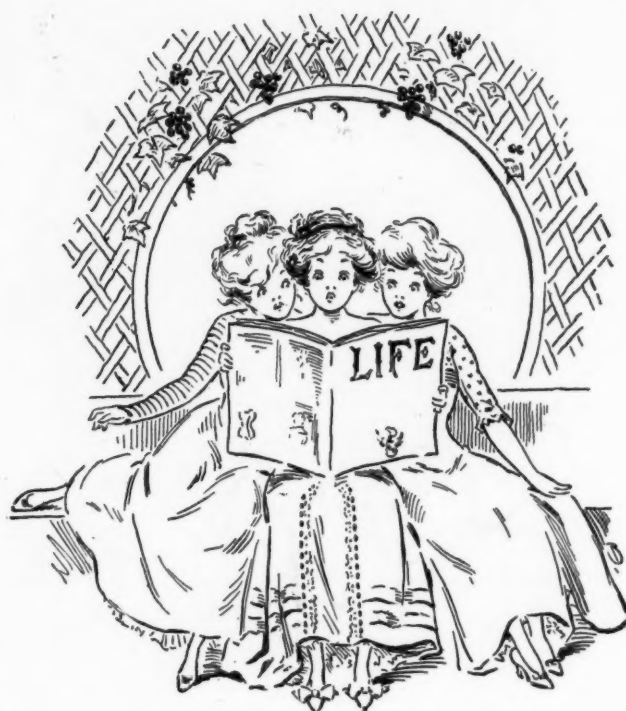
A tender, intimate revealing of a mother's feeling for her growing son. Men as well as women feel the subtle charm of this most wise and genuine book. Net, \$1.00

Edited by the Countess **BARCYNKA**

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 5th AVENUE
NEW YORK

ROUND THE WORLD TOURS

P&O
The Best Regular Services to EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, PHILIPPINES, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND. Round World Trips and Winter Tours in INDIA. PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL S. N. CO.
Full information from
CUNARD LINE, 24 State St., N. Y.



"Look, girls! Five hundred dollars for the first prize, two hundred for the second, one hundred for the third. Won't it be just splendid to have all that money!"

Do Your Contest Subscribing Early

When you have read this, obey that impulse and send in your yearly subscription to LIFE.

Secure the premium picture opposite. Have LIFE delivered to your home every week while the \$870 contest is going on.

This is a matter of honor with us. Notice, please, that the coupon, which generally appears on the lower right-hand corner of this page, has been omitted.

We are trying to prove to the advertising department, that for years now has been trying its insidious best to dominate us, that we can get more subscribers without it than with it.

Don't buy the paper occasionally. Every once in a while we get out a dull number, just to relieve the monotony. You might get it. You must read LIFE carefully in your own home to know all about it.



Life's Premium to Subscribers

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



WHERE LOVE IS
(By ANGUS MACDONALL)

A reproduction of this picture in full color, showing the vivid golden light effect of the desert, and measuring 21 by 16 inches in size, will be sent on each yearly subscription entered this spring.

A subscription to LIFE is the best possible gift, whether to yourself or some one else—a copy of LIFE every week, fifty-two copies a year, and this picture, all for the regular subscription price.*

*Subscription, \$5.00 Canadian, \$5.52 Foreign, \$6.04

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

17 West 31st Street, New York

Thrift Wins

MR. J. PILLOWPHOOT GRABBER, the well-known burglar and philanthropist, gave a short address last Sunday to the Sabbath-school classes of the Church of the Sacred Coupons. He said, in part:

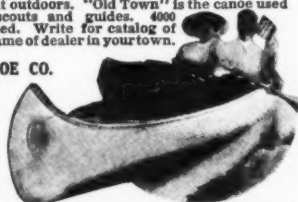
"Save your pennies. That is the only way to get ahead in the world. No matter how few pennies you get, save them. If you haven't any pennies of your own, save other people's. If you can save enough pennies belonging to other people, you are sure to become rich. And so all these foolish governmental regulations which try to interfere with our saving other people's pennies are not at all Christian-like. It stands to reason that people can not get rich by keeping their hands in their own pockets. The only way for this country to experience unparalleled prosperity is for everybody to have his hand in the pockets of everybody else. The self-sacrificing person who can save the most of what he grabs in this way will naturally be the most honorable man in the community. Save your pennies."

"Old Town Canoes"

Make Canoeing Your Summer Pastime

Join the thousands who revel in this popular sport. Get a sturdy, light, low-priced "Old Town Canoe" and unfold the glories of the great outdoors. "Old Town" is the canoe used by experienced scouts and guides. 4000 canoes just finished. Write for catalog of canoe views and name of dealer in your town.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
1433 Middle St.
Old Town, Maine,
U. S. A.



MURAD



No Better, No Worse

The fact that our fastest liner has had to change her flag has shocked our pride.

—Manchester (England) Guardian.

THERE is, however, really no reason for this. Sailing under false colors is a very ancient practice. It is resorted to by the chameleon. The Germans used Belgium for a similar purpose by trying to cover their motives with her neutrality. England has been assuming that she is better than the rest of us.

JUST
OUT

THE TURMOIL

By
Booth Tarkington

Author of
"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"
"PENROD," etc.

The Novel of the Year

HARPER & BROTHERS

"Moderation" is more and more the watchword of American life. In all our affairs we are more thoughtful, more discriminating.

Which is why so many Americans call for WILSON in the Non-Refillable Bottle.

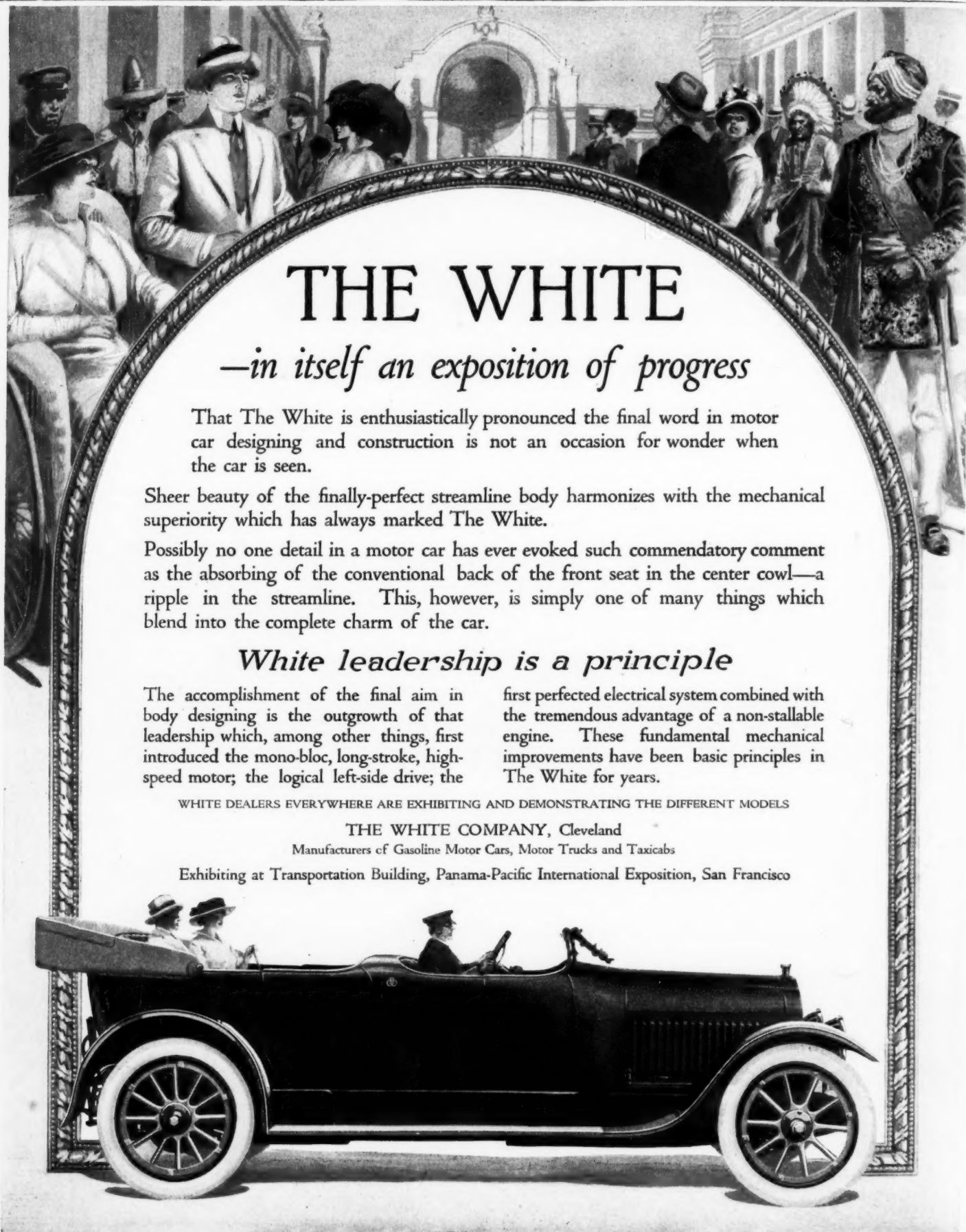
They know they'll get a wonderfully mild, mellow Whiskey, *everytime, everywhere—Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!*

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 East 31st Street, N. Y. That's All!



Mrs. Crab: SILAS, YOU OLD REPROBATE CRAB STOP PINCHIN' THAT LADY!
Mr. Crab: I DON'T THINK I'M PINCHIN' THE LADY.



THE WHITE

—in itself an exposition of progress

That The White is enthusiastically pronounced the final word in motor car designing and construction is not an occasion for wonder when the car is seen.

Sheer beauty of the finally-perfect streamline body harmonizes with the mechanical superiority which has always marked The White.

Possibly no one detail in a motor car has ever evoked such commendatory comment as the absorbing of the conventional back of the front seat in the center cowl—a ripple in the streamline. This, however, is simply one of many things which blend into the complete charm of the car.

White leadership is a principle


The accomplishment of the final aim in body designing is the outgrowth of that leadership which, among other things, first introduced the mono-bloc, long-stroke, high-speed motor; the logical left-side drive; the

first perfected electrical system combined with the tremendous advantage of a non-stallable engine. These fundamental mechanical improvements have been basic principles in The White for years.

WHITE DEALERS EVERYWHERE ARE EXHIBITING AND DEMONSTRATING THE DIFFERENT MODELS

THE WHITE COMPANY, Cleveland
Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars, Motor Trucks and Taxicabs

Exhibiting at Transportation Building, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco





A Spring Song

O SEASON of lengthening twilights,
Of gusty inspiring gales—
Of putty and painting of skylights,
Of size and distemper in pails—
When the poet of Spring has his high lights,
And the stores have their fabulous sales!

The winter is over and done with;
We traffic in Springtime Deferreds;
And the whiff of the plumber's at one with
The pipe of the earliest birds,
As he heralds the sun of the sun with
A song that is not without words.

There's a savor of paste that is sour,
A rustle of paper unrolled,
A posing of purpose and power,
And energies well within hold;
And the work that is done in an hour
Is a record that cannot be told.

O Season of high misdemeanor,
Tyrannical cult of the clean,
When painter and plumber and cleaner
Preside over chaos serene,—
You have woes of your own that are keener
Than winds of the North that are keen.

A. L. S.



EVEN THE SUBWAY CRUSH HAS ITS ADVANTAGES



"THE TOP O' THE MORNIN'!"

Stirring Up the Cabots

BOSTON has an interesting will case. It seems that Major Cabot left his money to his grandchildren, share alike, instead of to his children. Consequently the families in which there were the most grandchildren got the most money. It was largely his wife's money that was divided under his will, and one of his daughters, who had but one child, is suing to break the will.

Major Cabot seems to have been pretty well gone in the nerves, and was eccentric in deportment. The will-breakers contend that he was crazy. The defense, it seems, will maintain that he was not crazy, but merely Cabot, and that his behavior, taken in consideration with the average behavior of Cabots, was not so eccentric as to warrant the rejection of his will.

The Cabots are a mighty family, the mightiest, some people think, in all Boston. Henry Cabot Lodge is one of them. The revelation of Cabot characteristics by sworn testimony is awaited in Boston with smiles and lively interest.

There seems to be trying times ahead for the Cabots, but they are a hardy family with a great record and can stand anything.

Playing It Safe

HOKUS: Flubdub has been mixed up in a lot of shady financial transactions, and yet he is never caught.

POKUS: That's just like Flubdub. I remember when we were boys and a tin can was to be tied to a dog's tail, Flubdub was always the fellow who held the dog.

Sodden with Efficiency

A small cup of black coffee, without cream or sugar, sipped after the heavy meal of the day, perhaps will not seriously harm a person of robust constitution.—Edward Earl Purinton, efficiency expert, in the *Independent*.

NO, not fatally. "However, we do not believe in taking even this," says the *Independent's* expert, and goes on to recommend four kinds of denatured coffee, doctored milk and grapejuice.

It was the lawyer-humorist of Third Avenue who said as the Best Man in Town came into his club: "Here comes Thomas Best, sodden with virtue and without one redeeming vice."

Lord save you, Edward Purinton, from becoming sodden with efficiency! Being drowned in Malmsey is nothing to it. Struggle, poor victim, while you can, and if you can acquire a redeeming vice, oh, trot it out!

Natural Supposition

MR.S. CRABSHAW: You don't allow me half enough money for clothes.

CRABSHAW: Is that the reason you go around looking half dressed?



"FIRST AID TO THE INJURED"

Southern Golf

ONE of the principal industries of the South during the cold weather is golf. There is about Southern golf every necessary feature to a modern industry—child labor, represented by caddies; a sweating system, represented by the players; doctored trials and balances, represented by the scores.

A Southern golf links, if it be far enough away, is the best place to improve your game. There being no witnesses, it is a poor player who cannot take off ten strokes from his usual score. "What I did in South Carolina in the winter of 19—" will be found for years to come to be an ever-present help in time of trouble.

You arrive at your links on a warm, summery day, and, hastily arraying yourself in a suit of silk pajamas, joyously proceed to drive off. Henceforth you become absorbed in the occupation of trying to get your ball into a hole in a sandpaper green, with which every Southern golf links is provided. Thus absorbed, you do not notice that it has been growing colder, owing to the sudden arrival of an impromptu "Norther". Then, with icicles forming on various parts of your anatomy, you hurry back to your hotel and call for eiderdowns. But it is too late. The following week, after you have at last succeeded in reaching home and lie in bed with bronchitis, tonsillitis, pneumonia, influenza, grippe and other Southern accompaniments, while two trained nurses soothe your feverish brow, you are heard to exclaim in your wild delirium: "One Sunny South on the half shell, with ten putts on the home green, please."

T. L. M.

WHILE it takes two to make a bargain, only one gets it.



THE LATEST FICTION



HOW GENIUSES ARE DISCOVERED

The Onlookers: OH, MR. MONK, YOU'RE TOO FUNNY FOR ANYTHING! YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE GONE ON THE STAGE



"A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH"

Spring Song in B

BOUNTIFUL buds, bring back beautiful blossoms!—

Bid babbling brooks, brightly beaming, behold!
Bring butterfly brilliance, black beetle-bugs buzzing,
Brisk balm-bearing breezes, big bumblebees bold!

Bountiful buds, bring but blessed bonanzas!
Baffle bad butchers! Ban beggardly blues!
Bring boastful birds,—but beset barking bow-wows!
Bid baneful bills but became *billets-doux*!

Prentice Abbot.

Considering All Mankind

"A GREAT nation of culture like the German," declares Professor Rudolf Eucken, philosopher, "must not fail to realize that it can not rise to its predestined pinnacle without considering all mankind, without devoting its efforts to all mankind."

The trouble is that mankind is not sufficiently appreciative of Germany's noble aims. We are too modest, shy and intractable. Germany would be glad to treat all of us as she treated Belgium if we would only hold still like good children.

E Pluribus Unum

GOOD friend Herman Ridder still says "we" when speaking of Americans. He says "*We* are a people united against foreign intimidation or interference", and that the man who, like Count von Reventlow, "thinks that all the people in the United States would not present a united front to a foreign foe is lamentably mistaken".

To be sure. People who quake at the report that we have in our family three hundred thousand Germans (or some such number) trained to war ought not to quake, but to be thankful that we have some trained citizens in stock. Whoever we had to fight, we could use our Germans. Herman is right. Talking and fighting are different affairs. We talk apart, and that is proper. We should fight united, for that would be necessary.

Let Ignorance Prevail!

ALABAMA is the most illiterate State in the Union.

In Alabama a law has just gone into effect which prohibits the sale of practically all publications because they carry certain lines of advertising.

Vive l'ignorance!



HIS CANDY
A FIRST LESSON IN GIRLS



IDOL-WORSHIP OF THE VANDALS

Words

IT is a relatively simple matter to understand words that mean something, but people of all classes have difficulty in seeing through words that mean nothing. Hence the continued ascendancy throughout the ages of the man of mere words.



THE FIRST VIVISECTOR

What They Don't Want

CERTAIN legal gentlemen have recently been analyzing the laws of New York State with a view to proving that at present woman is much more favored than man, and that if the suffragists really wish equality, many laws which favor women must first be repealed. At present, for example, a woman pays no alimony, even when the fault of the divorce is hers. She can, even if worth millions, cut off her husband without a cent—a right denied to him. If she owns her home she can do with it as she pleases. Her husband cannot. She is not obliged to pay bills which she contracts herself.

But is it not a waste of time on the part of these learned gentlemen to assume that suffragists want equality? On the contrary, what they have always been after is inequality. They want the privilege of raising more hob than they can at present without any corresponding responsibility.

MRS. CRABSHAW: What do you think of my lovely new muff?

CRABSHAW: Umph! What a fuss you'd make if you were asked to carry a package half that size home from the store.



THE LATE GASOLINE MOTOR-BOAT AGENT ALMOST PERSUADES CHARON TO BUYING A MORE UP-TO-DATE CRAFT

Genuine Economy

WHY should Congressman Mann betray any unusual excitement because Secretary of Labor Wilson employs four motor-cars at government expense, one of them being an opera bus?

Could a Secretary of Labor be more usefully employed than in riding about in autos? How much does Representative Mann estimate this country would be saved in actual millions if every Congressman was provided by the government with a motor-car, and enjoyed it so much that he wouldn't have time enough to vote on needless expenditures?

POLLY: And when you threatened to scream for your mother, did he stop kissing you?

DOLLY: Yes, once or twice.



"FINGER-BOWL, SIR?"

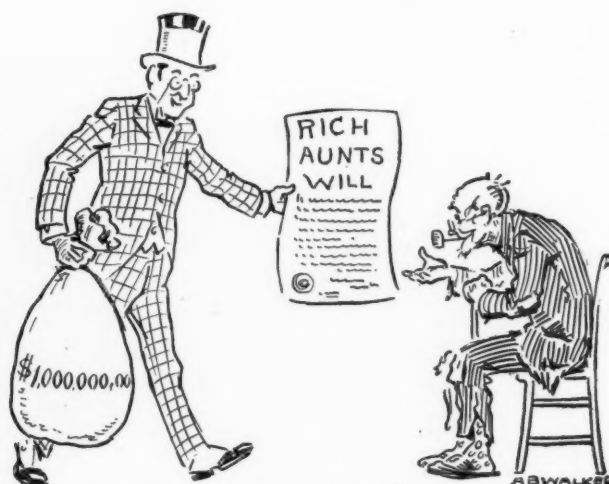
Poor Panama!

AN ordinance has just been issued by the Board of Health of the Canal Zone, and approved by the Governor, requiring every "individual over three months of age" to be vaccinated, unless they have been "successfully vaccinated within five years" or unless "the person is not a fit subject for vaccination".

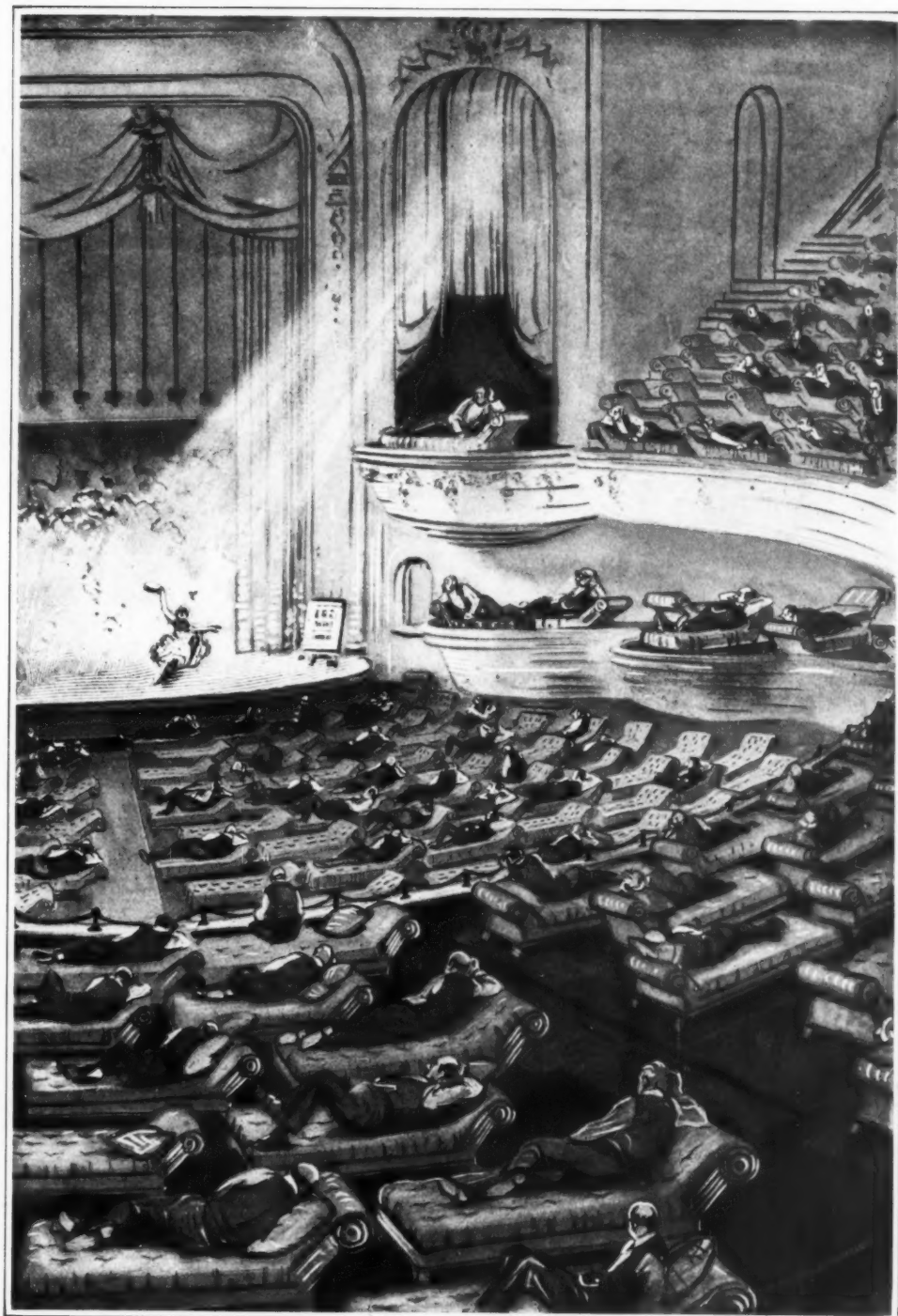
Inasmuch as the only way to tell whether a person has been "successfully" vaccinated is to wait and see if he gets smallpox; and inasmuch as almost no sane person would think that three-months-old babies were fit subjects to have this poison introduced into their delicate systems; and inasmuch as many enlightened communities are doing away altogether with the barbarous practice of compulsory vaccination, this ordinance calls for loud protestation in aid of the unfortunate inhabitants of this district which, in most respects, we understood to be quite civilized.



"EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM



WHO WAITS;
IF HE WAITS LONG ENOUGH



FOR THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN



(This picture has no title)

Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson.

What Has Just Been Said?

For the best answer to the picture above Life will give

First Prize	\$500	Third Prize	\$100
Second Prize	\$200	Fourth to Tenth (inclusive)	\$10 each
Total, \$870			

Condition of the Contest on opposite page

Mother Jones On the Wrong Track

MOTHER JONES really ought to sympathize with the members of the Colony Club of New York instead of calling them hard names. The Colony Club is a ladies' club. Mother Jones was invited there by Mrs. Harriman. "I got out as quickly as possible and never want to go there again," she says. Also:

"These women know nothing about the trials and tribulations of life. . . . You worthless parasites!"

Dear, dear! Mother, you ought to know better than that. Not only do you display large ignorance, but unwisdom. You are doing the very thing that you have

been fighting other people for doing. Your main agitation has been against the sort of misunderstanding and unsympathy which you have thought that capital displayed toward labor, and you were astonished that young Rockefeller was a human being, instead of an iron and copper-riveted monster. Now you are repeating your mistake toward other women.

What you ought to do is to look more closely into the lives and troubles of these ladies of the Colony Club and give them your assistance. They need help as much as the Colorado miners. If you would stomp the country in the cause of these downtrodden ladies there is no telling how much good you might do.

How About Going to San Francisco?

DO you want to go to the Panama Exhibition, now in full swing in San Francisco? It's easy. And you may also take your wife, or your husband, or your oldest daughter, or your mother-in-law, as the case may be. All you have to do is to win the Five-Hundred-Dollar Prize in our LIFE's picture contest, shown on this and the opposite page.

If you are an economical traveler you may even make the San Francisco trip by winning the second prize of two hundred dollars. And then there is the third one of one hundred dollars, which will take you part way. Any one of the seven ten-dollar prizes would help to make you popular with the sleeping-car porter *en route*.

Let us give you one little valuable hint about the contest. Send your answer *now*. Although eligible answers may reach us as late as the morning mail of April 24, there are likely to be slips between the cup and the lip, so the safest way is to send in your answer *now*. You would be surprised to know how many of the last-minute replies are ruled out from our competitions because they reach us after the competitions have closed.

There still remains opportunity for the use of brains, cleverness and humor in the solution of this mystery, although every day brings us a large number of replies to the question.

Remember, we don't want a title for the picture. We want to know in twenty words or less what has just been said by the young man, or the young woman, or both.

Remember also, that no one on earth, not Mr. Gibson, who drew the picture, not the editors of LIFE, not any one knows what has just been said. And not any one will know until the judges reach their final decision on the best theory suggested by the readers of LIFE.

Above all things, read the conditions carefully. These

conditions have been carefully thought out and are meant not only to simplify the tremendous task of reading and indexing the thousands of replies received, but also to put every competitor on the same basis as all the others. Not the smallest part of the task of the readers and judges is to so arrange the replies of the contestants that when the prizes are awarded it can be ascertained immediately and with mathematical accuracy that the winning titles have not been duplicated by other contestants. In

all these things the sole motive actuating the editors of LIFE is to make the competition an absolutely fair one to all concerned.

Once more, read the conditions carefully and send your answer in *now*.

Conditions

The title, with sub-title, or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed twenty words, and may be either original or a quotation. The paper upon which the title is sent should contain nothing but the title, with the name and address of the author in the upper left-hand corner. If this rule is violated the judges reserve the right to debar the contribution.

Manuscripts should be addressed to

*The Contest Editor of LIFE,
17 West 31st Street,
New York.*

Contributions addressed in any other way will not be considered.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE office not later than Saturday, April 24. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within one week from April 24 checks will be sent to the winners.

Announcement of winners will be made in LIFE's issue of May 13.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open free to every one.

Only one title from each contestant will be considered.

No manuscripts will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. They will award the prizes to the titles which, in their judgment, are the most deserving.

The Industrial Problem

TO cure industrial life without killing industry is one of the great problems—perhaps the greatest—of our highly organized, machine-tending civilization.

The Germans seemed to have made the most progress toward solving it when suddenly they blew up.

If industrial evils can only be cured by minute regulations and inspection, and regulation engenders evils that can only be cured by war, it seems to make no vitally important difference where you get off.

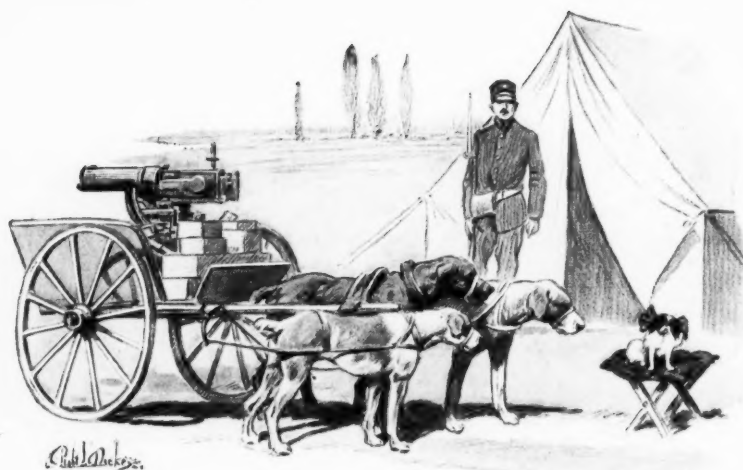
Sport seemed to the Puritans a device of the Adversary, and we may have inherited that prejudice; but perhaps, as the Bible intimates, it was the

Adversary who blighted sport and got us into industry.

At any rate, it may be observed that our attentive legislators can always be prodded up to take due measures for the cure of sport, but are loathe to sweat over the cure of the evils of industrial life.

For the Sufferers

We beg to acknowledge, for the relief of the Belgian sufferers, the receipt of five dollars from John W. Guthrie, Flagstaff, Ariz., and a package of knit goods from O. M. Gordon, Los Angeles, Cal.



WAR AND PEACE

Our Congressional Record Public Building in East Podunk

MR. BLATHERSKITE: I am directed by the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds to report the bill (B-41444) for immediate consideration.

MR. PODUNKUS: Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of the bill which provided new shingles for our post-office.

THE PRESIDENT: Is there anything more important before the house?

CLERK: Tariff bill, shipping bill, war with Germany, Mexico and Great Britain.

MR. BLATHERSKITE: Unless there is something more important than these matters, or an appropriation involving more than one hundred millions, I ask immediate consideration of the bill. (Applause.) I yield to no man in my admiration for my enemies, but to me East Podunk is the first consideration.

MR. SPLINTERS: I should like to take up not more than four or five hours of the time of the house, giving my views on the Shingle Trust. (His remarks will follow in a special edition at the expense of the government.)

MR. BLATHERSKITE: I rise to a question of personal privilege. My friend from West Aurora (Splinters) has insinuated that I am controlled by the Shingle Trust because I am not willing to let the rains of heaven fall upon the defenseless and devoted head of that lifelong servant of this Republic, our local postmaster. (Great applause.) He little knows me, sir. I was born in East Podunk.

THE PRESIDENT: Is there any objection to the present consideration of the bill? I hear none. The war with Germany, England and Mexico will, therefore, wait until the gentleman from East Podunk goes out and gets a shave and shampoo and then presents his report.

Hydrophobia in Constantinople

CONSIDER the case of Constantinople, all ye who are weary and heavy laden with serums. Here was a city with an extremely large number of dogs, and many of these dogs were vicious, and, as a result, the inhabitants were frequently bitten. But, strange to say, there were very few cases of hydrophobia, and almost none of these were fatal.

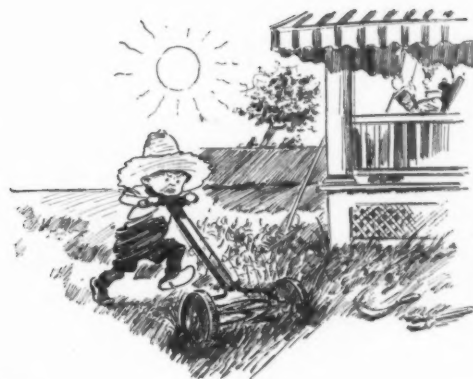
But, lo! upon a fateful day, modern medical science discovered this benighted spot and prescribed that a Pasteur Institute be established at once to protect the inhabitants against hydrophobia in the most approved serumatic style. And lo! since the establishment of the Pasteur Institute the cases of hydrophobia in Constantinople have greatly increased in number and a much larger proportion of them are fatal, with, of course, a corresponding increase in the profits of the Pasteur Institute.



"Dear Bill.

What do you mean by God is on your side?

Yours,
D——"



WHY BOYS LEAVE HOME



MARCH 18, 1915

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 65
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MOST of the obituary notices of the Sixty-third Congress ran on into summaries and reviews of the first half-term of President Wilson's administration. Making allowances for the snorts of Republican papers who have to adduce some reasons for a change, the notices were not so bad. No one who

wants to speak handsomely of President Wilson has far to seek for a basis for his remarks, and when said they sound better and carry more conviction than most of the unhandsome things said of him.

We need to recall now and then what he is trying to do and what he has to contend with. He is trying to arrest or restrict the control of human life in this country by too few people who have acquired too much power. Almost any intelligent, observant person will agree that this desired restriction of the power of property and business has come to be necessary. Organization, stimulated and extended by all the mechanical inventions, has made life a new problem, and one that it is very difficult to work out. Mr. Wilson is trying to do his share of the work of solving it, and the Democrats, in the main, are with him.

Plenty of people realize the need of limiting the power of property so long as the idea is general and the property affected belongs to some one else. But when the idea becomes concrete, and especially when some of the property belongs to themselves, the idea of limiting its powers begins to look "visionary". The Republican party, if it stands for anything just now, stands

for the protection of the rights and privileges of property. It may admit—probably would—that business needs watching, and perhaps even regulation, but it does not want it to be watched or regulated to its detriment by anybody, nor by Democrats, even to its good.



SO Mr. Wilson and the Democrats in their efforts are up against a great deal of property and the votes and newspapers that represent it. And they are also up against loyalty to the existing order. This loyalty of hundreds of thousands of citizens to existing order is almost the same as loyalty to a king or a kaiser. In some persons it is a policy based consciously on self-interest, but in lots of others it is a sentiment. The main thing a king represents is the established order. Good people have often stuck to bad kings for no better reason than that what they were used to seemed right to them. And for the same reason they will stick to bad practices in railroads, trusts, public utility companies and banking combinations, bad habits of business and bad laws. They are honest people and they hate to see anybody's belongings, no matter how acquired, taken away from them. Their instinct of fidelity prompts them just as surely to side with the New York Central in New York or the Pennsylvania Railroad in Pennsylvania as the same instinct prompted the Jacobites to side with the Stuarts.

Honest people of this sort are what give stability to political institutions.

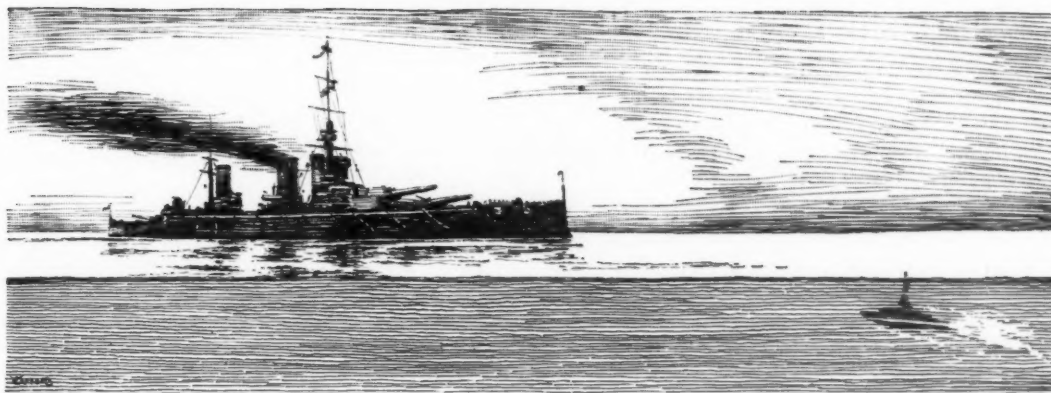
The Jacobin temperament is useful when things have got so bad that they are due to blow up, but when you have a going machine that only needs tinkering, the Jacobite, hold-fast temperament has its abundant value.

Mr. Wilson has enough Jacobin in him for present political necessities, but he also has a substantial infusion of hold-fast. He does not want to destroy the existing order. He wants to save it by a necessary medication. It is certain that he will make mistakes and likely that he will make blunders, but there is a better quality of political hope in him than in anyone else at present visible in either party. We had to put the Democrats in power, because the Republicans did not have it in them to do what the country needed. Mr. Wilson was far and away the best visible Democrat to be President. He has done some wonderfully good things, and he is likely to do more. He has in him the capacity to do them. If he has also in him the capacity to get in wrong on occasion. That is to be expected and is no more than the legitimate cost of having him for President. In the end he ought to get with him his full share of the honest people who are loyal to existing order and don't want anybody to lose property except by due process of just laws.



BUSINESS is reported to be nervous about the gentlemen appointed members of the new Federal Trade Commission. Business doubts that they are equal to their duties, is uncertain what their duties are, and dubious whether it is better for business that they should be equal to them or otherwise. It is disappointed because more men of high reputation as business men are not members of the commission.

That business should not like its doctor at first sight is not altogether surprising. It would prefer to put the patients in charge of the treatment; but, after all, that is not the way doctoring is done. Its representative newspapers say the new board is a political creation for political ends. But the



THE MITE AND THE MIGHTY

only valuable political end the commission can accomplish will be to increase the contentment and prosperity of the people of the country, and it cannot do that if it makes a bad job of its work and causes needless embarrassment to business.

Mr. George Rublee, one of the members of this commission, was rejected by the Senate and received a recess appointment. Mr. Rublee comes from Wisconsin by way of New Hampshire. His father was Horace Rublee, a famous old-time editor in Milwaukee, but the education of the son was Eastern. If this new commission is any good Mr. Rublee ought to be on it, because he did most to shape the law that made it. If it is no good he ought to be on it for the same reason for his sins. But he has been appointed, not for political reasons, but because he is an expert in the theory of the regulation of business. He is an able man, of high character and business and legal experience. He is probably fond of the commission, of which he is part parent, and will try hard to make it do some good. There is no Rublee about Mr. Rublee except what is in his name. Business may like him on acquaintance, and perhaps it will not find the commission generally so dangerous as it fears.



THE debate between our government and the governments of Germany and England about the rela-

tive proprieties and validities of submarine and surface blockades proceeds with politeness, but except from persons directly interested in shipping, receives less attention at this writing than the proceedings in the Dardanelles. The desire of the Germans to stock up with food is quite to be expected from persons of their healthy, normal appetites. They are surely entitled to discuss the ways and means of doing it, and the courteous attention their arguments receive from our government is no more than ought to be. Their assurance that American food shall only be used for their civil population does not seem important, because (a) the importance of any German assurance has been prejudiced by occurrences since the first of last August, and (b) because food carried into Germany increases that country's total supply, and it matters nothing whether soldiers and civilians are helped out of the same bin or supplied from different compartments.

So also the desire of the British to end the war, and especially their so positive aspiration to throw the Germans out of Belgium and France, must command our respect, and if they think it can be done quicker by shutting off all supplies from Germany, that opinion is certainly entitled to the attentive consideration our government has been giving it.

But these blockade matters are all sea-lawyer's questions to which the laity give but a languid attention; though appreciative of the importance of keeping the record straight against

a possible return of a time when international questions will be settled by international law. What ninety per cent. of us are keen about is that the domination of the world by the German *Kultur*, linked to Krupps, may be averted; that the surviving remnant of the Belgians shall be saved alive; that the unspeakable "frightfulness" of the German invasion shall be damned with an unpopularity that will last a thousand years; that the Prussian militarists shall be abated and labeled effectively with the tag that belongs on them, and that a maltreated and anguished world may win back to the paths of peace and humane civilization.

If the Germans think they can avoid or delay this desirable consummation by blockading the British Isles with submarines, they will do it, of course, in so far as they are able to. If the English think they can hasten it by proclaiming a blockade of Germany which they cannot make a fact, of course they will do it. If our government feels that such blockades are a deleterious invasion of the rights of neutrals, of course it is bound to say so and to reiterate the opinion at convenient intervals. Everybody surely will try to oblige our government, if not immediately, then as soon as is reasonably practicable; but as long as the talking forces and the fighting forces are distinct, there will be fighting, no doubt, as usual, ashore, asky, afloat and submerged, and the usual adventuring of cargoes across the main.





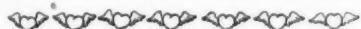


With Our Faces Towards the Summer



THE time for serious accomplishment in this rapidly fleeting theatrical season seems to have passed, and from this on we are likely to see little except the lighter material meant for spring and summer consumption. In this line is "The Peasant Girl", made over from a Viennese operetta, which, under the title of "Polenblut", had a considerable success in the Austrian capital. Recent events in that vicinity may perhaps give us a change in the character of these musical pieces that American managers have imported so often and so much that we are pretty thoroughly satiated with entertainment of this character. Almost any change from the worn-out models will be a welcome one, no matter how much we may lament the cause.

"The Peasant Girl", although dealing with threadbare material in plot and characters, is good of its kind, and its waltzes, although even more than usual reminiscent of Strauss, fully merit the overworked adjectives delightful and dreamy. The libretto, in spite of being the output of almost the entire librettists' union, carries nothing that is at all original or funny. Even when aided by Mr. Clifton Crawford's fertile and reliable memory, the total result is only an occasional laugh. Mme. Trentini still has her voice and can still sing more agreeably than most of the prima donnas in this school of entertainment. She also charms by her vivacity and her evident desire to please. The other members of the company are above the average in musical ability. "The Peasant Girl" will be found pleasant entertainment of its kind.



WHEN the events portrayed in "The Birth of a Nation" occurred there were no moving pictures. And if there had been, "The Birth of a Nation" could never have been shown more than once. Even half a century later, these really remarkable and apparently faithful reproductions of long-past events in our national history are seized upon by some persons, who do not find trouble enough in the present, as an excuse to stir up the animosities of another era.

Real Northerners and real Southerners who are real Americans and who recognize that the Civil War has passed into history can witness and discuss the vivid reproduction of scenes in our great national tragedy without rancor and even with emotions of thankfulness that we have survived the ordeal. It is far from a bad thing that these vivid pictures of what the war meant and of the problems that confronted the defeated South should be thus presented to the present generation. They are an argument for peace and an explanation of errors that have been regarded as crimes.



AMONG THE CENTAURS

"HELP! STOP ME! I'M RUNNING AWAY!"

"The Birth of a Nation" has been severely criticized as an injustice to the negro. The pictures emphasize the conditions existing when white politicians found it to their interest to incite the lower-class negroes to the worst that was in them, but they also use the less dramatic material found in those of the race who were not carried outside their better natures by the mad spirit of the time. The things most objected to have the corroboration of history. The error of the pictures is not in exaggerating the evils of negro domination so much as in showing the Ku Klux Klan only in its best aspects before it was used by unscrupulous men for outrages even worse than those it was organized to suppress.

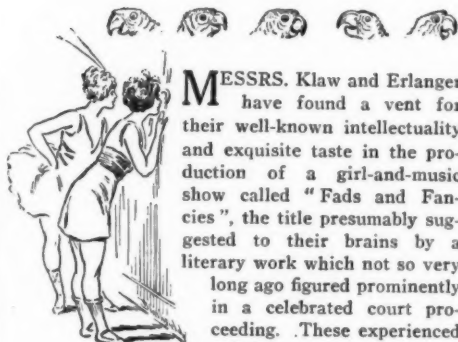


"THE BIRTH OF A NATION" is the biggest thing in the moving-picture line that has been done in this country. Some of the imported films have been as impressive in their respective lines, but they were foreign in subject and foreign in treatment. This one deals entirely with American scenes and American characters, the period being that of the Civil War and the time of reconstruction that followed.

At the same time, "The Birth of a Nation" also emphasizes the imperfections of the moving picture in its present stage of development. These defects are not so much the physical side as in the way the pictures are used to tell a dramatic story. There is need of a genius in the moving-picture business to show the producers and manufacturers that tricks in the manipulation of the films do not enhance but destroy interest. The constant shifting of scenes, the intrusion of things that are not essential, the prolongation of action that may be remarkable from the picture-maker's point of view but not in the dramatic sense, repetitions of the same action, all these things are to be reprehended.

The story of the picture is based on Mr. Tom Dixon's

"The Clansman". No one who cares for the history of our country should miss seeing this stirring exhibition.



MESSRS. Klaw and Erlanger have found a vent for their well-known intellectuality and exquisite taste in the production of a girl-and-music show called "Fads and Fancies", the title presumably suggested to their brains by a literary work which not so very long ago figured prominently in a celebrated court proceeding. These experienced uplifters of the stage have evidently learned that it is not difficult to secure at a weekly wage of fifteen or twenty dollars a large number of female persons to display themselves on the stage in scant attire. Although this is a staple bait for the tired business man, it is not always in itself sufficient even for him. He doesn't actually clamor for it, but he shows signs of intelligence when something new in a musical way or at all clever in lines is forced on him. His intellect won't be strained to appreciate these things in "Fads and Fancies". It is a stupid conglomeration even judged by the not lofty girl-and-music standards, and certainly below the standard of the



Young Husband (greatly agitated): QUICK, WHAT IS IT? AM I A FATHER OR A MOTHER?

Knickerbocker Theatre. Its only redeeming features are an automobile act by two blackface veterans of the vaudeville stage and the artistic dancing of Lydia Lopokova.



Astor.—"Hello, Broadway!" The personal careers, business experiences and family connections of Messrs. George M. Cohan and William Collier set out before an amusing background of burlesques on plays of the season, intertwined with a diverting girl-and-music show.

Belasco.—Frances Starr in "Marie-Odile", by Edward Knollauch. Drama with the setting in a French convent and the period that of the Franco-German War of 1870. Well staged and well acted, but highly improbable episode.

Booth.—"The Trap." Story of blackmail told in rather crude and melodramatic fashion, but interestingly acted by company headed by Mr. Holbrook Blinn and Martha Hedman.

Candler.—"On Trial." Very original way of unfolding a melodramatic plot based on a murder, its cause and consequences. Absorbing and well done.

Casino.—"Experience." Spectacular morality play following the ancient methods of allegory, but applied to conditions of our own time.

Cohan's.—"It Pays to Advertise." Farcical comedy, well staged and well acted, developing the humorous phases of the art of advertising.

Comedy.—"The White Feather." The German spy-scare, lately prevalent in England, turned into material for a well-presented and interesting drama of the day.

Cort.—"Under Cover." High-class smuggling and custom-house methods providing material for a well-staged and well-played parlor melodrama.

Eltzinger.—"The Song of Songs." Detailed history of a young courtesan's progress. Dramatized and Americanized from Sudermann's novel of the same title. Cleverly done, but not recommended except to those interested in the unsavory topic.

Empire.—"The Shadow." Drama of invalidism and marital infidelity, with Ethel Barrymore in the rôle of the deceived wife. High flavored, but interesting and fairly well done.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Law of the Land." Untangling a murder mystery in good society, with amusing sidelights on police methods. Well staged and well played.

Forty-fourth Street.—Emma Trentini and Clifton Crawford in "The Peasant Girl". See above.

Fulton.—"Twin Beds." Spicy farce dealing with the geographical puzzlement of a gentleman who has indulged in the pleasures of Bacchus to the point that he navigates himself into the wrong flat.

Gaiety.—"Daddy Long Legs." Wholesome little play, mingling pathos and humor and dealing with the fancies and life history of a girl foundling.

Globe.—"Chin-Chin." Musical extravaganza, elaborately staged. Very diverting and with most of the fun supplied by Messrs. Montgomery and Stone.

Harris.—Margaret Illington in "The Lie", by Henry Arthur Jones. Well-acted and well-written drama of English life, the plot hinging on the relations of two sisters, one good and one bad.

Hudson.—"The Show Shop." Funny aspects of the interior life of the theatre, with most of the humor based on the ordeals connected with the business of play producing.

Knickerbocker.—"Fads and Fancies." See above.

Little.—"A Pair of Silk Stockings." Light English farce, amusing and well acted by English company.

Liberty.—"The Birth of a Nation." See above.

Oh, yes—there's one other good thing in "Fads and Fancies", although it must be an oversight. No one sings "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary".

Metcalfe.

Longacre.—"Inside the Lines," by Mr. Earl Derr Biggers. Americans, Germans and English mixed up in complications of the outbreak of the present war. The scene Gibraltar and the moving factor the German spy system. Well presented and diverting.

Lyceum.—"Outcast," by Mr. Hubert Henry Davis. Elsie Ferguson and Mr. Charles Cherry heading an excellent company in good performance of a drama of London bachelor life, in which the heroine is a girl of the streets.

Lyric.—"The Only Girl." Musical play made over from a legitimate farcical comedy by Messrs. Herbert and Blossom. Funny, tuneful and well performed.

Manhattan Opera House.—Return of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird". Poetic and spectacular fantasy of child life.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Adventures of Lady Ursula," by Anthony Hope, with Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry in the title part. Extremely pleasing costume comedy unusually well acted.

Park.—"Polygamy." The plural marriage of the Mormon Church made the topic and supplying the interesting incidents of a play that purports to show the possibilities of life in Utah to-day.

Playhouse.—"Sinners," by Mr. Owen Davis. Old-fashioned emotional melodrama, well cast and showing us once more in irrefutable depiction that virtue is of the country and vice of the city.

Punch and Judy.—"The Clever Ones," by Alfred Sutro. Not brilliant but fairly well-acted satire on some of the sociological fads that were fashionable in London before the war gave that capital serious problems to consider.

Republic.—"Kick In." Crooks and coppers mixed up in a clever and interesting but slangy melodrama of the underworld.

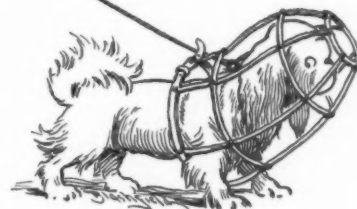
Shubert.—"To-night's the Night." Tune-ful and daintily done girl-and-music show of the kind that we import from the London Gaiety.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Mr. Lou Tellegen in "A Clever Fellow". Notice later.

Wallack's.—Repertory, including Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion", Anatole France's "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Shaw's play is clever in the usual Shaw way, and all the plays are principally interesting as the freakish methods announced by Mr. Granville Barker and his associates as the new art of the theatre.

Winter Garden.—"Maid in America." The latest thing in the way of appeal to the intellect of the tired business man.

Big, glittering and chorus-girly, but not the least bit clever.



THIS TALK OF NOT BEING ABLE TO MUZZLE A PEKINESE IS ALL NONSENSE. THE CORRECT MUZZLE FOR A PEEK



ST. PETRINA

The Bible in the Public Schools

THERE is a bill, the Greiner-Tallett bill, before the New York State Assembly requiring public-school teachers to read ten verses from the Bible every day to their classes. We read in the *World* that the bill was opposed in committee, on February 16th, by Catholics, Jews, Unitarians, Lutherans, Christian Scientists and atheists, and was supported by three assorted clergymen. One of them said: "All this bill seeks is to put good literature in the schools. It would be the same as reading the works of Browning, Tennyson or Emerson."

If that were all, the course of the bill might be easy. But no one would think of putting a bill through the legislature to require a public-school teacher to read half a page of Emerson to the children every morning. The Bible is different from all the other books, and the reading of it in the public schools involves different considerations. As literature it is the most valuable book for school children

to know that there is; its language is the best aid to the use of good language, and its stories and phrases and sayings, largely because they are so familiar, are exceedingly helpful in conveying ideas in writing and speech. All educated people ought to know the Bible.

Nevertheless, it is a book that includes the basic literature of two religions, and if it is to be read in the public schools it should only be by consent of the parents of the children who go there. It should not be forced on any child in the public schools against its parents' wishes. The public schools must be unsectarian. Christianity should not be taught in them to Jews nor Protestantism to Catholics. No parent should have cause to say that his children are taught in the public schools religious doctrines which he disapproves.

They say the bill will be reported favorably with an amendment making Bible-reading optional with the teachers. That would be better; perhaps it would do; but any cramming the Bible by law down the throats of people who don't want it would do nothing but harm.



"WHEN BABY BEGINS TO TALK, MOTHER, WOULDN'T IT BE TERRIBLE IF HE SHOULD TURN OUT TO BE A GERMAN?"



"IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY"



WHEN in doubt, read Booth Tarkington's "The Turmoil" (Harper, \$1.35). It isn't the ace of trumps. But, so far in the new season, it is decidedly the best blind-folded reading selection that the greatest variety of American novel devotees can make with a good prospect of having a pleasant time. The tale is an up-to-date version of "The Ugly Duckling"—the transformation history of the youngest and least true-to-type son of a risen-from-the-ranks big-city business baron. It is a swift and smooth-running story, with clean-cut characterizations of types of people we all know in it, and with a couple of people we all wish we knew thrown in. And it brings out, by really skillful conducting, the ineffectual plaint of the wood-winds in the temple orchestra of our great god Hustle.

IN working out a picture-puzzle, the successful placing of some particular fragment often gives us a sudden clue to the placing of many others that have baffled us. And the same thing is true in the great picture-puzzle of human knowledge. Every now and then some department of specialized science discovers something that instantly begins to clear up other and apparently unrelated difficulties. One of the most eventful of these discoveries in recent times has been that of the embryologists that every living creature in the world, between the moment of its conception and the approach of its maturity, repeats, physically and mentally, the entire evolutionary development of its species. The mere idea of the process is dramatic. The inferences being drawn from the facts of it are momentous. And hence an authoritative yet primer-simple summary of the matter, like J. Howard Moore's "The Law of Biogenesis" (Charles H. Kerr), is at once interesting reading and conducive to an educated outlook.

"AMARILLY OF CLOTHES-LINE ALLEY" (Little, Brown; \$1.00) belongs to the "Cabbage Patch" connection. The fact that her last name isn't *Wiggs* is neither here nor there. Nor is the further fact that her cheery personal philosophy expresses itself in resourcefulness of action instead of in aphorisms. The "family resemblance" is none the less evident. *Amarilly* is a slum kid. And Belle K. Maniates's story of her general management of a large family, of her missionary activities among the city's rich, and of her final emergence from slum-kiddishness, will be found to combine fun, life-likeness and hashish, in the correct proportions of old Doctor Cheerup's sedative fictional formula.

SIX months ago, in a little volume called "Antarctic Penguins", by C. M. Levick, we got a first—and most interesting—book-glimpse of the work carried on by the non-pole-seekers of the Scott Antarctic expedition. The projected undertakings, the actual accomplishments and the detailed experiences of this "Northern party", during the two years from January 26, 1911, to January 18, 1913, are now made public in a volume called "Antarctic Adventure" (Dutton, \$5.00), by Raymond E. Priestly, the geologist and meteorolo-

gist of the party. Life near the poles is a heart-breaking monotony, slashed with sudden dilemma, danger and death. Here is an honest transcript of it that partakes of all these elements.

"ON THE FIGHTING LINE" (Putnam, \$1.35) is not a war correspondent's report. Nor is it a romance of the trenches. It is a novel by Constance Smedley, dealing with a less spectacular, but probably an equally world-changing conflict, the "business girl's" fight for a place in the economic sun. It takes the form of a diary, kept by a stenographer in the offices of a London underwriting and promoting concern—a girl with glowing but naïve ideals, and a hard row to hoe in consequence. Its material is first-hand personally observed and felt, and in places ingeniously human. But this material has been so diluted in the telling—so watered with words—that a busy world is likely to find the solution tasteless.

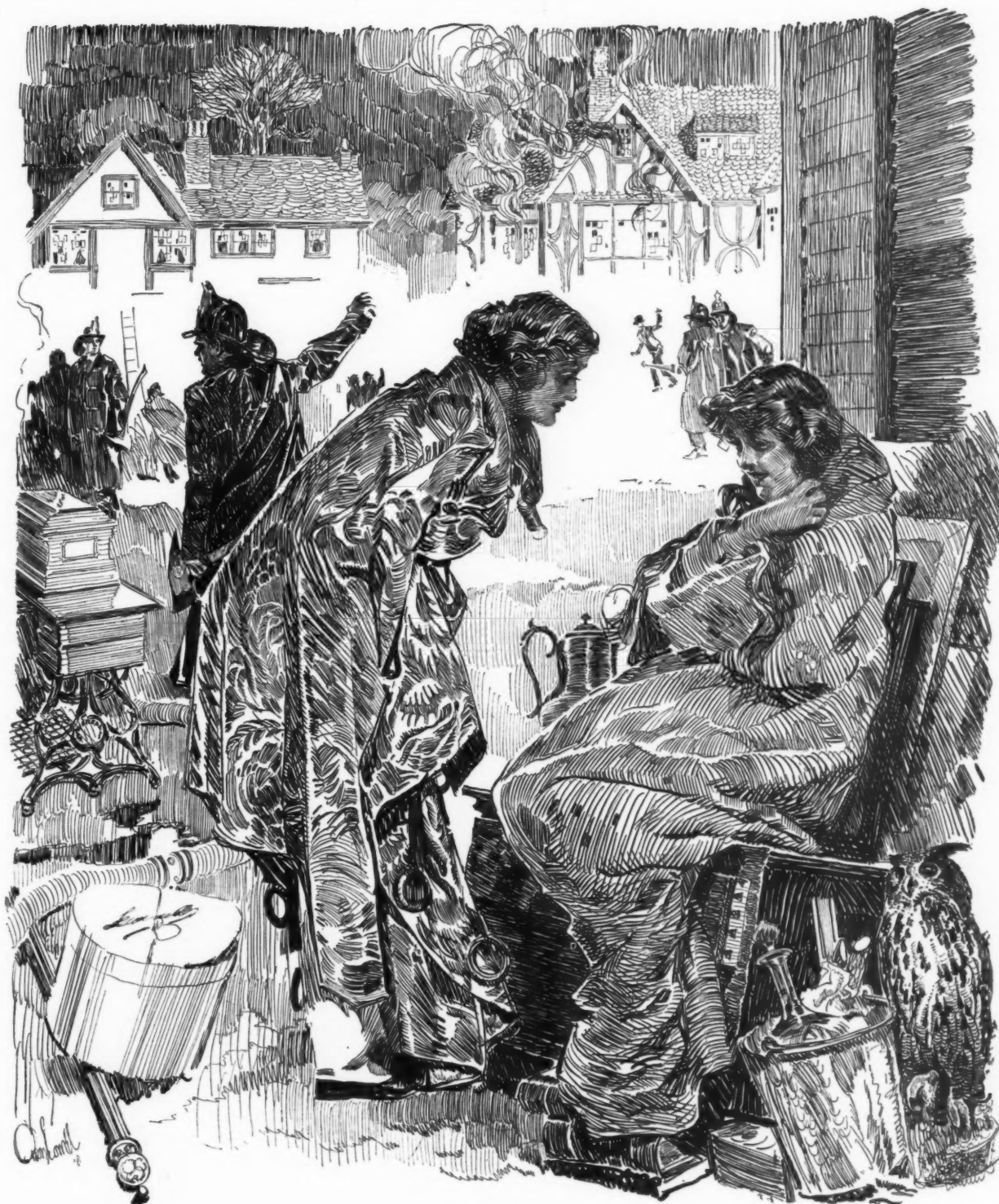
"WAR BRIDES," a play in one act, by Marion Craig Wentworth (Century, 50 cents), is in sombre reality what "On the Fighting Line" sounds as though it might be—the first arrival of that horde of war fiction and drama, and of no-more-war fiction and drama, that is doubtless soon to sweep over us. Its scene is a German village whose men are fast going to the front, and whose maidens (in response to urgings from higher up) are marrying in promiscuous and patriotic haste, that the future of the empire may be provided for. And its "punch"—a play in one act *must* have a punch—is supplied by a war-made widow's dramatic appeal to women to refuse to bear sons till the world refuses to make war. Comment is obviously useless. The question is one that lies wholly between Punch—and Judy.

J. B. Kerfoot.



UP-TO-DATE

Kangaroo: CAN YOU USE A SHORT-HAND REPORTER?



A PHILOSOPHER

"WELL, IT'S ALMOST WORTH IT, TO BE CARRIED DOWN A LADDER BY THAT HANDSOME FIREMAN"

"They Say"

THOSE who think they have found religion have really lost their mental balance.—*Rev. William A. Wasson.*

All except the theologians, who think they have found their mental balance, and have really lost their religion.

* * * *

Business needs a rest.—*James J. Hill.*

Anybody who has been held up and robbed and sand-bagged and left for dead by plutocratic gunmen for several generations would need a rest.

* * * *

I have been accused of saying hard things against America. Perhaps I have been guilty of this, but it is because I love the country too well.—*Isadora Duncan.*

* * * *

There is not one law for the rich and another for the poor. With us a rich man has less chance before a jury than a poor man.

—*Assistant District-Attorney Arthur C. Train.*

For instance, the Thaw case.

* * * *

American business men are the peers of any in the world.—*William Spraul, President of the Pacific System of the Southern Pacific Railway.*

The tired business man has at last come to his own.

* * * *

The man who makes politics a profession and has a wife and children dependent upon him is sooner or later going to be forced into the position where, for the sake of his wife and children, he will have the choice of doing what is not quite right and staying in office, or doing that which is right and getting out of office and permitting his wife and children to starve, and a man cannot see his wife and children starve. No man under present conditions in the United States has a right to go into politics unless he is of independent means.—*President Hadley of Yale.*

The same thing is true of other professions—the Church, medicine, literature and the university.

* * * *

The most sacred and potential spot on earth is the fire-side shrine.—*Congressman Webb, of North Carolina.*

Don't you mean radiator?

* * * *

It is only the workers who attain wealth.

—*Miss Anne Morgan.*

Mother Jones, what do you say to this?

* * * *

Therefore, let us begin the golf season of 1915 with a firm determination to play the game right.

—*"Chick" Evans.*

Why limit this to a season? That's what every man says in his heart every time he starts out to play.

* * * *

The girl who has had her breakfast served to her every day, who has been helped to dress, who has been sheltered from all domestic duties, is not fit for a wife and mother.

—*Professor Charles Zeublin.*

It has peeved me that anti-suffragists do nothing but appeal to the great, soft heart of man.

—*Henry Wise Miller.*

Don't worry, brother. There are still quite a number of them, from Eve down, who appeal successfully to his stomach.

* * * *

In the last decade there has been more abuse, more slander, more personal attack and more demagoguery, and, as a consequence, more injury to the general public, than ever before.—*Judge Gary.*

But, then, there are more of us.

* * * *

Statistics prove that the length of the business man's life is not so long as it was twenty years ago.

—*Dr. Louis C. Wezmillier.*

That will be good news for many business men nowa days.

* * * *

There is a growing feeling that the business of the State is not carried on as effectively and economically as it might be, and that too many officers are elected.

—*George W. Wickersham.*

We thought that feeling was pretty well grown up by this time.



"STOP HIM!"



"GEE! I HOPE THE LADY'LL TAKE HER TIME WRITIN' THE ANSWER"

Bracing Up Palestine

"The Jews, after two thousand years of a life of a wandering nation, still cling most fervently to the hope of some day being restored to their ancient patrimony. The most satisfactory solution to the problem, therefore, would be the installation of the Jews as the rulers of Palestine, which will then become an independent State and cease to menace English interests in Egypt."

—London Globe.

THE author of this suggestion does not say how many Jews would have to be drawn off from their present abiding places in order to run Palestine on full time. Palestine which has been termed the "cradle of Christianity", like a great many other cradles, has been left to neglect and decay. There is no boss rule in Palestine. Not a surface line there, so far as we know, has been looted. The child-labor factories, such as they are, are almost entirely confined to the rear rooms of homes. Scarcely enough people are run over by autos, operated upon, burned up in factory fires or mangled upon grade crossings in Palestine to bring it up to the standard of a modern civilized State.

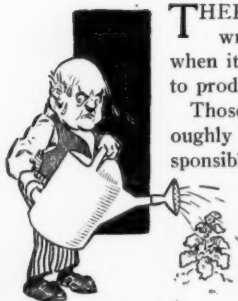
Are the Jews competent to do all this and make Palestine "come back"? There are about thirteen million of them in the world. Will they all be needed to put Palestine on its feet? If they are needed, then the million of them who are in or around New York will have to go. How can we get along without them? Before we decide as to whether it is really a good idea to set Palestine up in business again, we want to know about this. If all the Jews in New York are going to leave us for Palestine, we ought to have a long notice ahead. We don't want to have a thing like this sprung upon us too suddenly. We are willing to make even as big a sacrifice as this for Palestine and for old time's sake, but it's only fair to give us time.

A Compliant Victim

WAITER: Will you have a fifteen-cent cigar, sir?

GUEST (at New York hotel): Yes, if it doesn't cost more than a quarter.

The Spring Efficient



THERE must be something wrong with science, when it has not yet been able to produce an efficient spring.

Those of us who are thoroughly disorderly and irresponsible and reckless and exasperatingly careless, and wish to quote some high authority as an example, can point to Spring with superb

confidence. Spring has no regard for anybody's feelings. She went out into Nature's back yard one day and got hold of the paint-pot when the nice, orderly painter was away looking up the plans and specifications. She slammed the brush into the pot, and the April tears fairly running down her blooming cheeks with laughter, slapped on all the colors of the rainbow in all the places that you wouldn't think of—that you wouldn't dare think of.

No interior decorator to whom you pay a hundred dollars a day for his advice and presence and moral uplift would think of doing a thing like that. No color scheme is safe with Spring. There are so many things the matter with her that we feel that it is something which we ought not to talk about.

It's bad enough to be disorderly, to be so utterly regardless of all system, to defy all the rules of intelligent philosophers and other well-known experts; but Spring is much worse than this. She is an unmoral person. She would be arrested and locked up in Boston.

Spring makes her own clothes—and she never bought a sewing-machine on the installment plan or threaded a needle. They are always blowing off of her, and she's always slapping on new ones without the slightest regard to what's being worn. You never see her reading *Vogue* or the *Ladies' Home Journal* or taking the dressmaking course in Pratt Institute. She kicks off the coverlets, jumps out of bed, runs out of the house with scarcely anything on, and dresses shamelessly in the open. No wonder she draws crowds. And how she wastes!

Eventually, we feel certain, Spring will be under government control. All she needs is a little healthy preliminary publicity. Exposure will come once too often.

Science must do this for us. We need a few stirring and masterful articles on Spring by some leading college professors. No one would dream of instituting a great reform like putting Spring on a paying basis without first having it appropriately written up by a bevy of college presidents. The poets have tried it and failed. Poets have written about Spring so much that nobody now would believe anything they said, even if it were true.

That shows you how careful you must be in using your power.

Spring makes us shiver at the hopelessly irrelevant things she does. She needs to be taken in hand by some committee of representative citizens. Investigation by itself will do no good. Everybody has investigated Spring from time immemorial, and where are they?

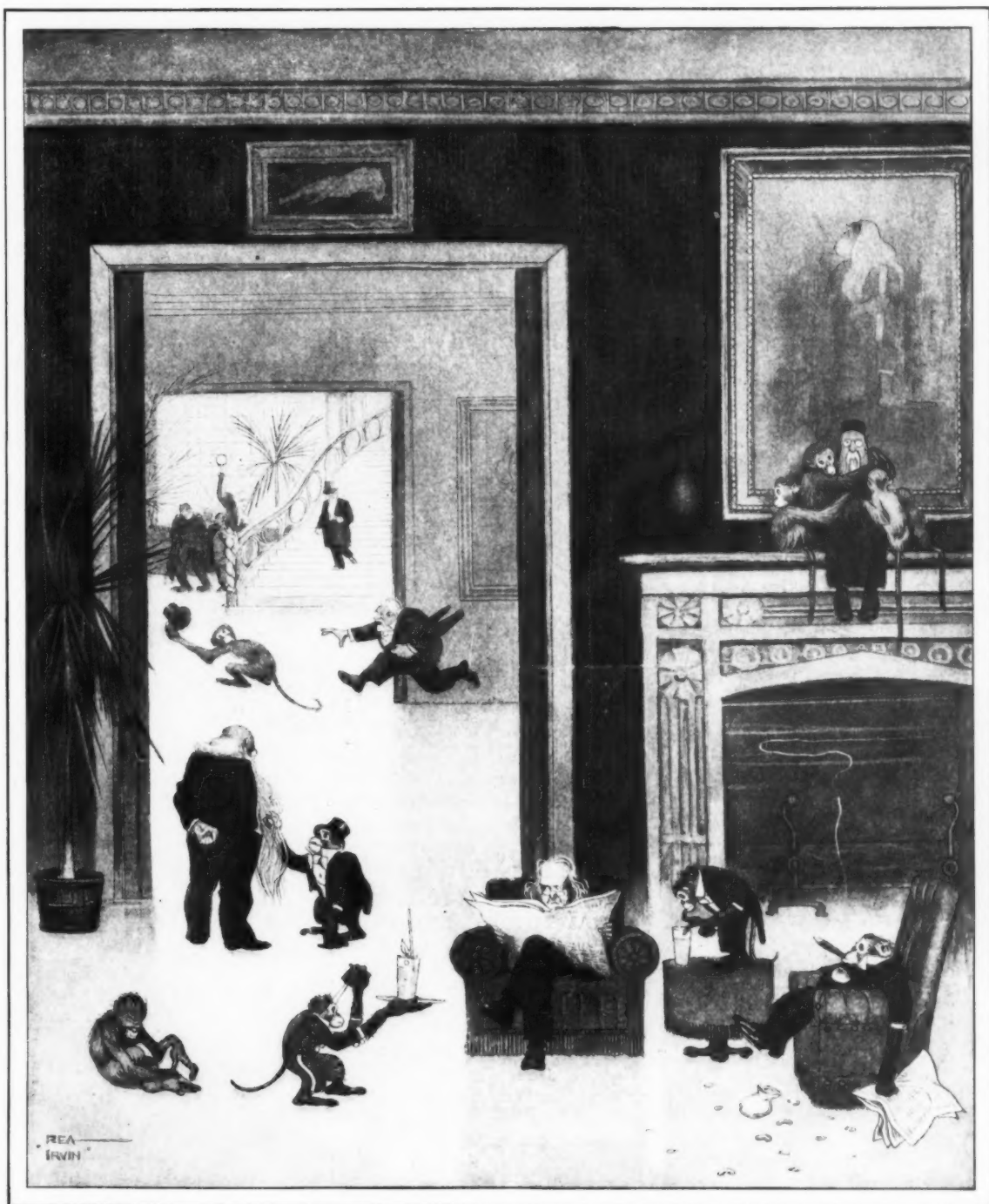
But what may not be done with her by our modern machinery? Eugenics, college presidents, representative committees, editorial writers, Mr. Brandeis, General Wotherspoon, Colonel Roosevelt's entertainments and the Industrial Commission—with all this help, what cannot be done with Spring to make her a good citizen—if we get after her right now?

T. L. M.

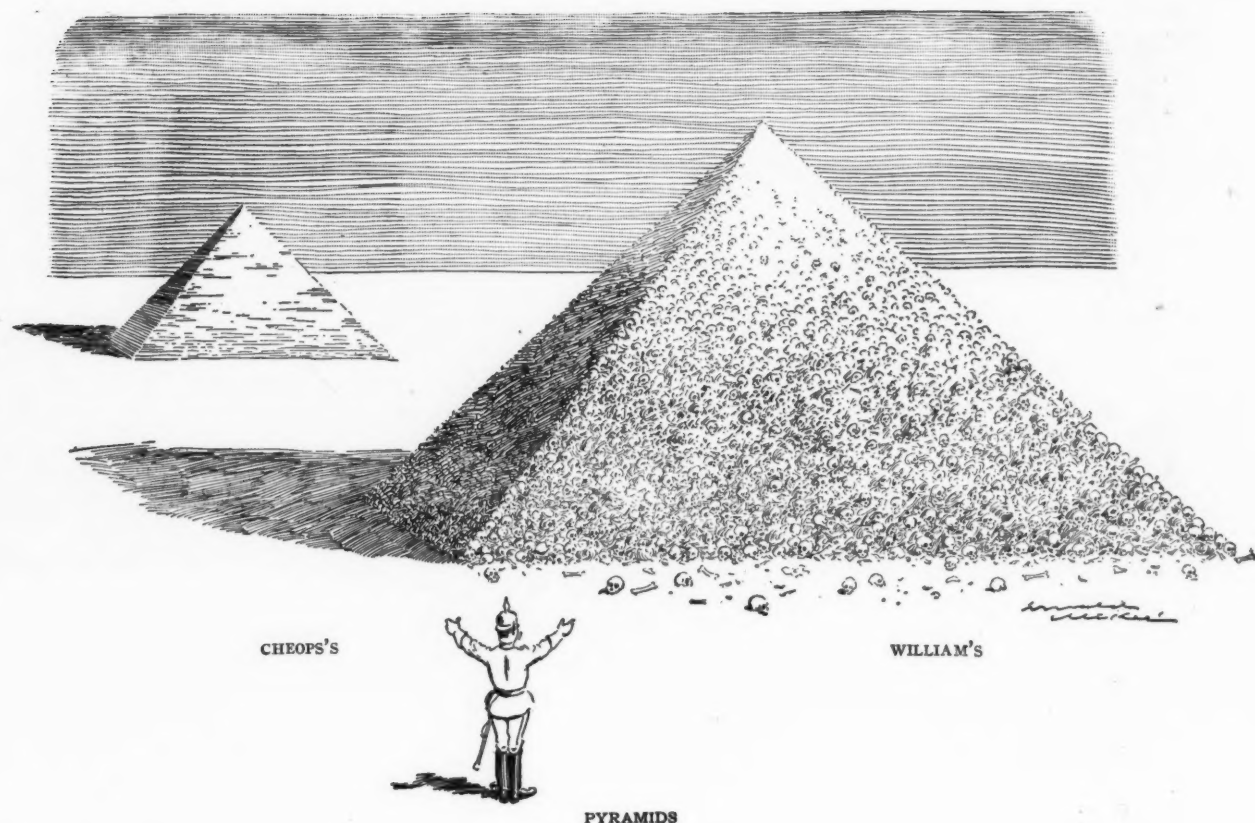


Doctor: HOW MUCH ARE YOU GOING TO CHARGE ME FOR WINNING THAT LAWSUIT?

Lawyer: HOW MUCH ARE YOU GOING TO CHARGE ME FOR REMOVING MY APPENDIX?



CLUBS WE DO NOT CARE TO JOIN
THE DARWIN CLUB



Neutrals Not Popular

MR. HUNTINGTON WILSON, lately Assistant Secretary of State, comes back from Europe with a report of growing anti-American sentiment in England, noticeable "among the ordinary run of people who necessarily judge by very rough impressions". He says:

Their government and press so far do not seem to do anything to try to keep uninformed opinion fair and friendly. This is a pity.

It does seem a pity. Uninformed opinion is a poor judge of neutrality questions and needs to be steered. Allies it understands; enemies it understands; but neutrality is an artificial condition resting on legalities, and clear only in the minds of legal experts. When the uninformed English dislike us for making trouble about trade questions and the uninformed Germans hate us for selling

arms to the Allies, we are only getting what we must expect. For the proof of neutrality is to be disliked by both combatants.

Peril and Avoidance

PRESIDENT NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER of Columbia declared on February 22d, at Baltimore, that "the American university student in far too many instances is prevented from getting on as well as he should because he is overtaught".

President Woodrow Wilson, late of Princeton, declared on February 24th, at Berea, that "most of the pupils of most of our universities systematically resist being taught".

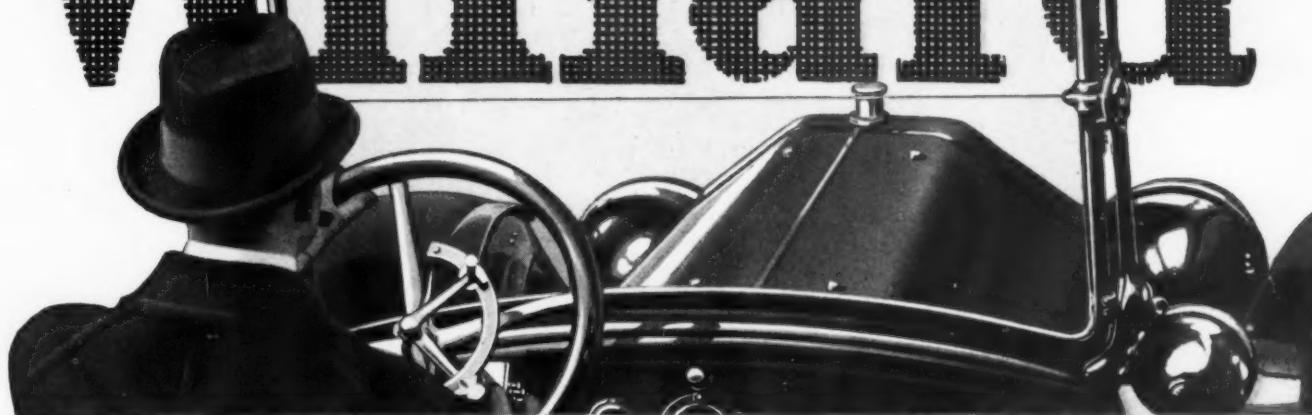
Taken separately these opinions of experienced educators are disturbing. Combined they make for reassurance. The student resists teaching because he feels instinctively the danger of being overtaught.

What, therefore, is the matter with the American university student? He's all right!



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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Effects of the War

SHE: No. I won't have the fish. I don't like the look of it.

HAWKER: No, and yer wouldn't like the look of yerself, missus, if you'd been chivvied abaht by submarines ever since the war started.—*London Punch*.

Perfectly Tame

"Wombat used to be a great outdoor man and all-around sport. Is he reconciled to married life?"

"I think so. I called on him recently and found him sifting ashes with an old tennis-racquet."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"EVERY time I see grandfather's sword and medals," said Bill, "I long to take part in a universal war."

Then, as an afterthought, Bill said: "But every time I look at grandfather's wooden leg I long for the advent of universal peace."—*Tit-Bits*.



PASTORAL

No Use

"It—er—seems," said he, regarding the unfortunate with scientific interest, "that the attacks of fever and chills appear on alternate days. Do you think—is it your opinion—that they have, so to speak, decreased in violence, if I may use that word?"

The patient smiled feebly.

"Doc," said he, "on fever days my head's so hot I can't think, and on ague days I shake so I can't hold an opinion."

—*New York Globe*.

THE Governor's wife was telling Bridget about her husband.

"My husband, Bridget," she said, proudly, "is the head of the State militia."

"Oi t'ought so much, ma'am," said Bridget, cheerfully. "Ain't he got th' foine malicious look?"

—*Southern Woman's Magazine*.

"Is that a genuine antique?"

"Yes," replied the dealer.

"Why, here's a mark that indicates it was made only twenty years ago."

"We are living in a very rapid age. It doesn't take nearly as long to make an antique as it used to."

—*Washington Star*.

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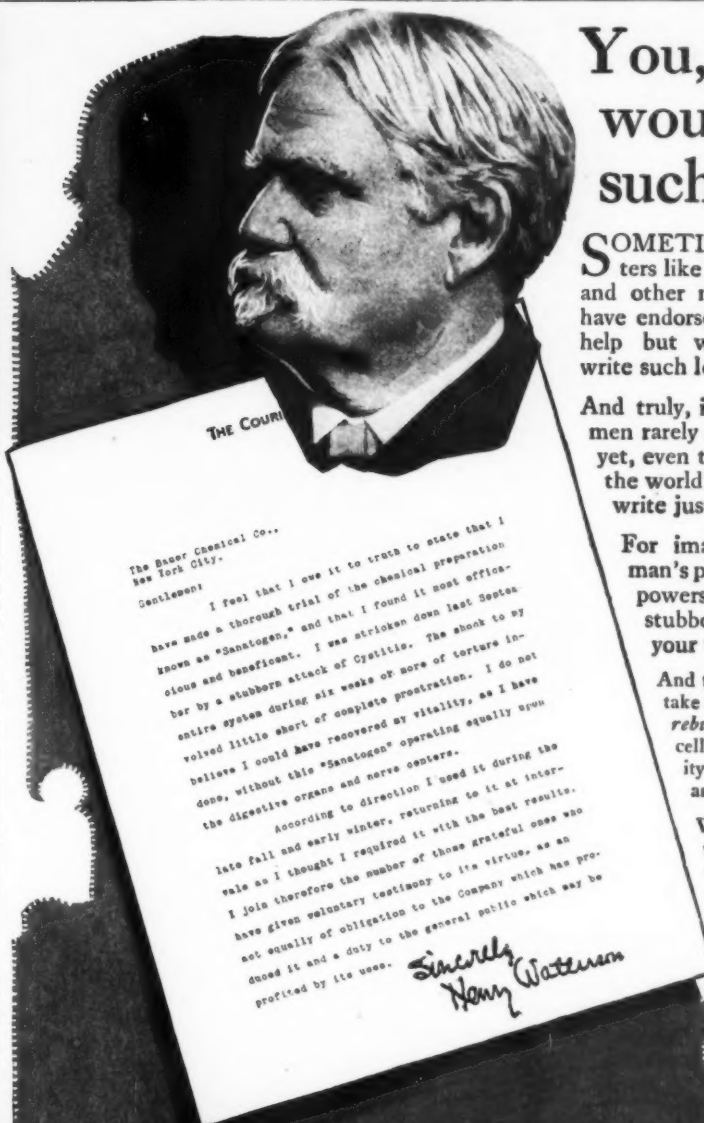
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Non-governing Governments

FOR the sake of governments, let us hope they will never be called upon to do any governing. It is dreadful to contemplate what would happen if those slow-going, inefficient things called governments really had to bestir themselves and demonstrate their right and fitness to rule.

They owe their eminence and their reputations and their comparative freedom from friction to the docility of the human race. What could be more lamb-like than human beings? With all the meekness of a foreigner arriving in the steerage at Ellis Island, we walk up and hand in our taxes for the support of governments which do nothing for us. The governments gather in the money and spend it for their own perpetuation and comfort. If occasionally we feel a little dissatisfied



THE COURT

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I feel that I owe it to truth to state that I have made a thorough trial of the chemical preparation known as "Sanatogen," and that I found it most efficacious and beneficial. I was stricken down last September by a stubborn attack of Cystitis. The shock to my entire system during six weeks of more or less of torture involved little short of complete prostration. I do not believe I could have recovered my vitality, as I have done, without this "Sanatogen" operating equally upon the digestive organs and nerve centers.

According to direction I used it during the late fall and early winter, returning to it at intervals as I thought I required it with the best results. I join therefore the number of those grateful ones who have given voluntary testimony to its virtue, as an act equally of obligation to the Company which has produced it and a duty to the general public which may be profited by its use.

Sincerely,
Harry Watterson

You, too,
would write
such a letter!

SOMETIMES when you read letters like this from Col. Watterson and other noted men of affairs who have endorsed Sanatogen, you cannot help but wonder—"Why did they write such letters?"

And truly, it *is* remarkable—for such men rarely endorse any article. And yet, even though YOU were one of the world's leaders, you, too, would write just such a letter!

For imagine yourself in such a man's place—at the height of your powers, but handicapped by stubborn ill-health that threatens your very career.

And then, suppose that you begin to take Sanatogen, and as it *feeds* and *rebuilds* the impoverished nerve cells, you *FEEL* the old-time vitality return, with a new vigor of mind and a new elasticity of body—

Wouldn't you be grateful? And wouldn't you be willing, ay, even eager, to tell others the good that Sanatogen had done for you just as Col. Watterson and scores of other noted people have done?

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in three sizes, from \$1.00 up.

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

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about the whole proceeding we get together and disagree about candidates we have met and about issues we do not understand; but, of course, we do not challenge the supremacy of governments, and so they go on gathering in our money and having the easiest time imaginable.

E. O. J.

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"Is it as bad as that?"

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—Boston Transcript.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

THE good people of the church gave the poor children of the parish a bountiful New Year's dinner, and the delight of the youngsters was much more manifest than their table manners. One little fellow was discovered clutching a doughnut in one fist and a lump of steak in the other. He was reproved for his breach of etiquette, and took the reproach very meekly. But a moment later he turned to the diner next him and remarked regretfully: "The trouble about these here table manners is that they was invented by somebody who wasn't never really hungry!"—Argonaut.



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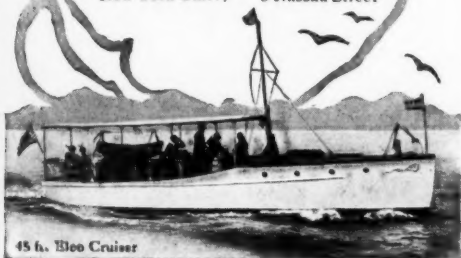
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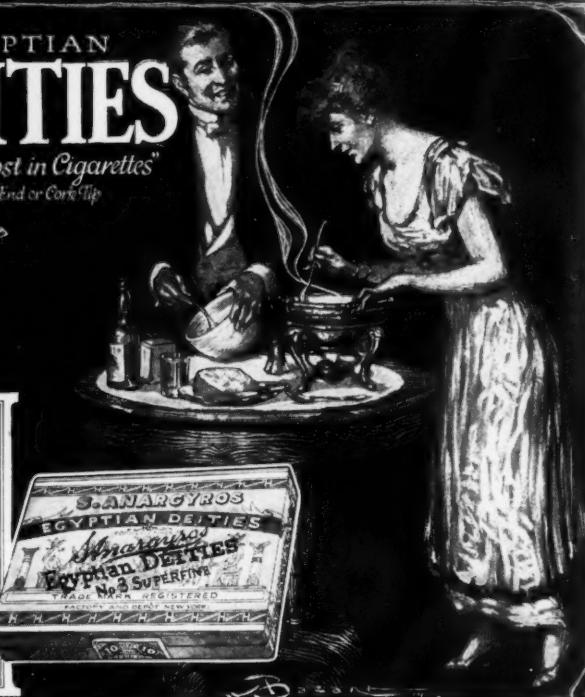
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"It is," sighed the eminent trust magnate.

"Still, I suppose you have to maintain it?"

"Well, I don't know. Sometimes I think it would be cheaper to obey the law."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"We are going to give up having Johnny get an education."

"For what reason?"

"Well, we can't get him sterilized every morning in time to go to school."—Southern Woman's Magazine.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"What is your name?" asked the new teacher of the first boy in line.

"Tom," said the boy.

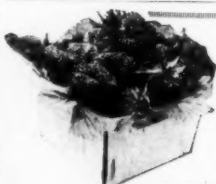
"No, it isn't Tom, it's Thomas."

"And your name?" she inquired of the next boy.

"Jackass," said the boy.

—Waterbury Chamber of Commerce.

If you favor war, dig a trench in your back yard, fill it half full of water, crawl into it and stay there for a day or two without anything to eat, get a lunatic to shoot at you with a brace of revolvers and a machine-gun, and you will have something just as good, and you will save your country a great deal of expense.—Appeal to Reason.



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Another Discovery

THIS extract from *The Open Door* is from an article by Jean Lecoq, in *Le Petit Journal*.

The imagination of people who like to torture animals under the pretext of science is really inexhaustible. I read yesterday in a leaflet the account of experiments made recently by doctors to establish the physiological laws of sleep.

It seems that we, do not know how we sleep; and these gentlemen have undertaken to teach us. In order to do so they take one dozen dogs, and attach them "high and tight" to a wall—that is how they express themselves—and, in fact, the picture which accompanies this article shows the dog tightly attached to the collar in such a manner that his head is always high, and he can just touch his two front paws to the ground. This position is certainly not favorable for sleep, but just the same the poor animals overcome by fatigue and suffering could sleep standing up, so the two experimenters relieve one another day and night, to annoy them and prevent them closing their eyes.

This suffering lasts for three hundred hours, and as soon as the dogs are loosened they immediately fall into a death-like sleep.

In this manner these two "savants" have made the admirable discovery that if dogs have been forcibly kept awake during three hundred hours they have a formidable desire to sleep . . . Science is really a wonderful thing!

It certainly is.

And why should not those dogs furnish a serum as a sure cure of fatigue?



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Maillard

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Aladdin Obeys That Impulse

ALADDIN rubbed the lamp impulsively. The genie appeared, as usual.

"I'm feeling in a generous mood this morning, O slave," said Aladdin. "I want to help some poor and needy person. Bring me the poorest and neediest one you know."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the genie, and, after a conscientious search, came back

with the Government of the United States.

"Have you always been like this?" said Aladdin, gazing sympathetically at the emaciated figure.

"No, your honor. Once I was rich and prosperous and fit to hold up my head with the proudest in the land. I was courted by all and thought nothing of buying everything I wanted. Friends flocked around me."

"Poor old chap, what brought you to this?"

"I blame nobody but myself. My own recklessness and folly did it. There was an old party named G. O. P. that quartered itself on me for years and made me think I was a great fellow. I had what was considered the finest pension graft system in the world. There wasn't anything too good for me. I employed a whole Congress, whose main business was to spend all of its time in devising new ways to spend money. Then the war came on, my friends began to leave me, and—here I am."

He wiped a tear from a bleary eye. "You couldn't lend me a couple of million, could you," he whispered, "to buy a loaf of bread?"

Aladdin threw him a purse.

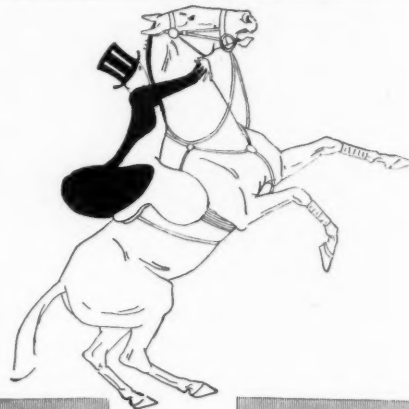
"Here," he exclaimed, "take this and get a night's lodging in the Hotel de Gink, and (to the genie) look here, you dusky slave."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Even if I ask it, don't let me see any more creatures like that. The sight of so much wretchedness gives me the macadoos."



A VISION OF WHAT SHE'LL BE AT FORTY-THREE



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Modern

I CALLED upon Millicent precisely at five o'clock, knowing how necessary it was to be prompt with her. I was filled with curiosity to understand why she should have sent for me. She began at once.

"With regard to that wedding of ours," she said, "I have been over the whole matter very carefully. We have a meeting of the Psychic Society tomorrow, a Red Cross meeting the following day, and, without going into details, a meeting every afternoon and evening for the next three months."

"You mean, I suppose, to something that you belong?" I said.

"Yes."

"You cannot resign from anything, can you?" I asked.

"It wouldn't do any good if I did, because I am on the waiting list of so many others."

She tapped her pencil thoughtfully as she went over the list again.

"Every afternoon and evening for three months," she mused. "Now, let's see; here is the twenty-third, from two until two-thirty. I might possibly work you in there. Wait a minute."

She got the clergyman on the telephone, the only one that we both agreed upon.

"He says that if we will send a car for him he can spare us fifteen minutes. You know, it will only take seven minutes to get married."

"Is it worth while?" I said. "I don't want to interfere with your system."

"You are not interfering with my system. I consider it one of my duties to get married."

I consulted my calendar.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, "but I



Creating a New Art

At the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the exhibit of the Bell System consisted of two telephones capable of talking from one part of the room to another.

Faint as the transmission of speech then was, it became at once the marvel of all the world, causing scientists, as well as laymen, to exclaim with wonder.

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As the culmination of all this, the Bell exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition marks the completion of a Trans-continental Telephone line three thousand four hundred miles long, joining the Atlantic and the Pacific and carrying the human voice instantly and distinctly between New York and San Francisco.

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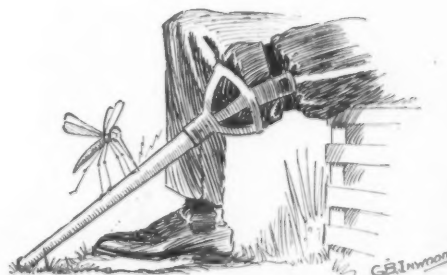
Universal Service

am going to play golf that afternoon. I made this date three months back. It means a good deal to me."

Millicent got up. An alarm-clock went off on the mantelpiece.

"Sorry I cannot give you any more time," she said. "Glad to have met you."

"Don't mention it," I said. "If I can ever arrange my time for six or eight months ahead perhaps I may see you again."



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